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limitation to Sparta ceases to be expressed in connection with Sparta long before the year 1830 and *Paralip.* 157 simultaneously with the introduction of the limitation to Leuce, Nov. 10(?), 1826 (*Paralip.* 99): "So soll nun Helena auf den Boden von Sparta zurückkehren," and almost identically, Dec. 17 of the same year: "Nun soll sie ebenmässig auf den Boden von Sparta zurückkehren;" of lack of critical instinct because it is not realized that in all cases, Nov. 10(?) (*Paralip.* 99.) and Dec. 17, 1826, as well as June 18, 1830, the limitation to Sparta is always implied in, and logically follows from, the limitation to Leuce.

The fact that during the very period when Homunculus was transformed from a chemical dwarf into a spirit, Goethe's conception of the revivification of Helena did not undergo any change is one of the reasons why Homunculus cannot possibly have anything to do with Helena. Another is that Homunculus has a dramatic purpose of his own which is incompatible with his union with the shades of Helena and her retinue.

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TENNYSON'S 'FAIR ROSAMUND' IN BECKET.

THE dramas of Tennyson may not be among his greatest works, but critics surely go too far when they say he wasted time in writing them. Their limitations are many, it is true; yet their values are many and great. The existence of the dramas would be justified if they succeeded in doing no more than presenting some characters who, for beauty and strength, take notable place among all the creations of the poet. Of these 'Fair Rosamund,' in *Becket*, is worthy of much thought.

Tennyson draws his Rosamund de Clifford as passing fair: all red and white and gold. To her royal husband, Henry, she is the "rose of the world;" his "rosebud" first, then "rose of all the roses." The austere primate, Becket, admits her "the world's rose, as her name imports." He bids her hide "that fatal star, thy beauty:" fatal, in spite of all her purity and sweetness, in stirring jealousy and desire. The coarse Fitzurse, who loved her as a budding girl, although grown full of jeal-

ousy and hatred, must still call her "rose-faced." Queen Eleanor herself knows, full as well as Henry, that her young rival is far fairer, softer, rounder. She calls her "child" and "beauty;" and, in rage, dare say no more than "doll-face." Maid Marjery alone does not see the beauty of her mistress. Yet no one is a hero to one's valet, or a beauty to one's maid. Marjery's judgment is, moreover, bad: she thinks herself as fair and as wise as her mistress. It may be intended as a tribute to the delicacy of Rosamund's beauty, that the poet makes some senses fail to see it.

In nature, as in person, Rosamund is very fair, delicately sensitive, "tender to all hardness;" nobly born and nobly reared, by a father she loves to recall. A follower of all beauty, the surroundings of her youth brought her to love nature so much that she prefers simple wild flowers to their "flaunting foreign cousins," which Henry brings her; her figures of speech are of birds and insects; the town stifles her, she must breathe the open air. Strongly emotional, she is generous and good, reverent and religious in spirit and observance. High-minded, she avoids gossip, and, pure-minded, she avoids scandal, in circumstances in which, one feels, Eleanor would welcome both. She is modest in self-appreciation, almost naïve in lack of self-consciousness, without curiosity, and entirely unambitious for everything save love. Dependent rather than resourceful, capable of great loneliness, and with a trustful loyalty which avoids all temptation to doubt, Rosamund loves with an unselfishness which gives all and asks love alone in return.

With such physical characteristics and mental endowments, natural and acquired, Tennyson, by incidental expressions, pictures Rosamund as she is at the beginning of the play. Now and again, when alone, she expresses this virgin personality in words and actions. But it does not long remain unaffected. It develops by receiving and giving, being acted upon by surroundings, events and persons; and, in turn, acting upon all these. The fair girl soon outgrows her pleasure in such things as masquerades, and sorrow makes her womanly in a way joy could not do.

It is interesting for Rosamund's character,

and for psychology in general, to note the effect upon her sensitive nature of making her, to borrow her own phrase, "a bird living from cage to cage," of hurrying her from her secret bower in Anjou to her secret bower in England. She is shrinking and timid when in town; in her bower she recovers her dignity and noble ease of manner. But the loneliness of her retreat is depressing to her social, clinging nature, and casts a shadow over her naturally bright spirit. Only her love and gentleness could bear the long monotony. Her requests for freedom, although spirited, are always sweet and loyal. Rosamund never seeks to gain her freedom against her Henry's wish; she makes no attempt to learn from her attendants the reason for her seclusion. Her loyalty is perfect, her trust child-like.

The events which affected Rosamund all come to her through persons. One cannot fail to realize, as, in the end, she herself did, with real self-pity, that she loved much, and for it paid the price.

Very sensitive to the influence of persons, Rosamund shivers at even the mention of distasteful folk. She instinctively dislikes Marjery, recognizing by delicate intuition the incompatible person; the one by whom offence shall come. It is Marjery, too, whose coarseness calls forth pride and anger, from beneath Rosamund's usual kindness.

The boy Geoffrey, her son and the king's, draws forth another part of her nature. Toward him she is the unselfish, happy mother. She is proud and glad in him. Anxious for his safety, she yet bravely trusts him to do bold things, that he may be trained. And she never forgets him: in her moment of supreme trial, when she might be pardoned for being self-centered, she remembers to send him away from the strife of words. In her time of joy she desires more for him than for herself. She loves her boy, her king, and last, herself.

Chiefest of the influences acting upon Rosamund is Henry's love, "love that can shape or can shatter a life," in the words of the song in Rosamund's bower,—love which did both for her. The love of the large, strong man thrills her delicate, finer fibre with emotions which, in their intensity, almost overwhelm her sensitive spirit. She is filled with

life and joy. She grows charmingly playful, lovingly bold. The passages which picture her recalling the sweetness of the first meeting with her lover, and the deeper joy at the birth of her son, are perfect in their lyric quality; no doubt they are designedly so, for Tennyson evidently intended the character of his Rosamund to be beautiful to the extent of his power.

Good as well as beautiful, Rosamund acts in ways which would be impossible, with her characteristics, unless she had good reason to consider herself Henry's wife; and, always in her presence, Henry speaks and acts as though he had given her such reason. Her bearing is as wifely toward him as it is motherly toward Geoffrey. She is justified by her sense of right, or she could not be so happy. She is too pure and too proud to be a paramour. This, again, Tennyson must wish us to feel: some of the lines in his portrait of Eleanor and Fitzurse prove him able to draw the opposite characteristics, when he chooses. Rosamund is not Ottima, but Pippa.

Her high-mindedness shows in and through her affection. She loves the manliness of Henry: to her he is "manlike perfect." Jealous for her royalty, she grieves when he is ignoble. Henry calls her unworldly and ignorantly ideal, although knowing in his heart the rightness of her standards. Her vision pierces his excuses, and stirs his shame and sorrow. She shames him by her trust, as well. She heeds all his wishes, and fears lest they be thwarted. She is loyally obedient: she will not learn what he wishes her not to know, she is happy to know nothing save that he loves her and binds her to secrecy "until his own time." When, in spite of herself, she learns his secret, she will not believe it, for loyalty's sake. She prefers her love to knowledge.

Indeed, Rosamund prefers her love to all else. To be, not to be called, his queen, this is her joy. Her own dear natural world is not so dear as he: neither flowers, nor brook, nor sun itself, can equal him. And here, again, in the passages recording this devotion, Tennyson is lavish of the picturesque and rhythmic beauties of his verse. Henry, by thoughts of love, drives all else from her mind: thinking of his love, she forgets even

danger. For Henry's sake she will brave Hell itself. She trembles before the dread ban of the church, she strives to avert it from him; yet, if it will come, she will share it with him. Well may Henry praise her love and bravery. His coarse feeling could never measure the cost of such decisions to her delicate nature. But Rosamund is glad to give herself for love, her abandon and dependence are complete: Henry's voice is "all her music;" he is her "sun," her very "life's life."

Rosamund's nature, in her time of happiness, is thus simple, joyous, pure, noble, unselfish, loyal, and dependent: the loss, in her time of sorrow, of her joy in Henry and of his protection, only deepens and intensifies her devoted faithfulness. Her character is not a varied one; and its development is not so much toward complexity, as toward greater simplicity. Instead of gaining new characteristics she drops some of those she has, to give herself to the selected traits remaining. Whether Tennyson chose to make her thus narrow in its range, or whether he was unable to draw a larger nature, can be decided only after a comparative study of other of his characters. Henry, Eleanor, and Becket are scarcely more complex. Nor are Modred and Lancelot, Guinevere and Arthur.

Rosamund's sorrow begins as Henry's visits to her grow less frequent; for in England, he, her "sun," shines upon her far less often than in Anjou, until she comes to ask, insisting modestly, for freedom and her rightful place. The poet gives excellent anticipation of Rosamund's dramatic crisis, as he shows her gradual realization of the shadow over her joy.

Indeed, the poet's giving of the anticipation is better than his portrayal of the crisis itself; which is neither so large nor so strong as might be. It is here that the poet fails in Becket: he is lyric rather than dramatic; his heroine is beautiful in her nature; she is seldom strong in action. As a matter of fact, Tennyson frequently fails to depict crisis movements dramatically. He is, seemingly, unable to picture sudden shock. Emotion which would be intense in a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, is diffused through gradual realization until it is weak and flat. Thus he weakens every crisis in *The Princess*.

When Rosamund realizes her light to be darkness, she grows not bitter, but sad; sad of Henry's lack of faith, not blaming him, but pitying. She wishes still to trust, but may not; she "should believe," but cannot. Willing to die, for sadness, she yet hopes he will return to take her pardon; and she fears his bitter wrath against her rival.

Deprived of Henry's love, she turns to cherish Geoffrey; she will give up Henry in order to keep his son, if Eleanor insists, yet only that she may give up the more for the love of Henry. For she still loves the king, although she knows him false. She cannot think him cruel. She remembers, pardons, trusts, and loves him still; although, apparently, he seeks her out no more. She intercedes for him with Becket, now won to her championship. Becket advises her to forget the king. For answer she prays for Henry, Geoffrey, and herself, and in that order. First, she loves Henry; then the boy, as the king's son, rather than her own. For love she will become a creature,—the king's child's mother. She would return to Henry, did he ask. She lives for him, not for herself; and since it pleases him for her to live apart, she suffers that for love, as well. In fine, her life reduces to one trait,—complete, devoted love, at any cost. She is a new Griselda.

It is interesting to compare with the effects of love upon Rosamund, as shown by Henry, the effects of hate, in the person of Henry's queen, Eleanor,—Eleanor, whose relation to Rosamund is dual: both in her own proper person, and through Henry; she is both the rival of Rosamund, and the wife of Rosamund's lover.

As in the case of Marjery, Rosamund's keen intuition comes into play, indicating the identity and the character of the queen, as soon as she appears. The scene which pictures the first and last meeting of the two, is the second of the fourth act. Rosamund, at first, is dignified, formal, angry at the other's intrusion upon the privacy of her bower. Then, immediately generous again, she is solicitous for Eleanor's safety, should the king learn of her visit, and be wroth. The boldness of the queen is too foreign to Rosamund's nature for

her to understand. The contrast between the two characters is splendid and complete.

When Rosamund learns the errand of the queen, she is stricken with terror. She, the continually cherished one, so "tender to all hardness," shrinks from the pain and the ugliness of death. Then, quickly forgetting herself, she wishes to live for her child; and, judging the hard, cold Eleanor by her soft, sweet self, she appeals to the queen's motherliness with earnest pleading.

Rosamund can, with difficulty, believe that Eleanor is in earnest. She is guiltless of wishing the queen harm. On the contrary, she sympathizes with her, as one equally wronged. She regrets to have been, ignorantly, the instrument by which Eleanor's wrong was worked. She will make any reparation possible. She is not jealous of the queen; she is deeply sorry for her. Rosamund pities herself and Eleanor. This pity maddens Eleanor as hate could not do, and she detests herself and Rosamund. Eleanor hates; Rosamund loves. Eleanor is intellectual; Rosamund is emotional.

But Rosamund is too tame for Eleanor, so the queen, planning to sting her into anger, calls her boy "a bastard." All the mother's purity is stirred; her pride rises in a flash. She becomes regal, imperial, in her righteous wrath. She throws prudence to the winds, upholds her honor, and denounces her defamer, first by implication, then in definite words. Eleanor is stunned by surprise, stricken dumb with rage. The scene is Schiller's Mary and Elizabeth in the garden.

Yet Rosamund is not long heroic; she does not continue to be roused. Horror of Fitzurse, who now comes upon the scene, brings her forgetfulness of herself and Geoffrey, in her eagerness to escape the brutal fellow. But again she recovers self-possession and bravery: for Rosamund feels first, then thinks. Eleanor is far cooler. The names for the two women fit them excellently well. Rosamund cannot conceive that Eleanor will hurt her boy; when she is herself, he is uppermost in her thought. The needle of the compass of her nature is very sensitive; moved by the slightest influence, often vibrating widely; yet it always comes to rest pointing truly, at the last.

After more torture, the worm, as Eleanor calls her, finally turns; and Rosamund, rather than dishonor, chooses death for herself and her son. With words such as "adulteress," she again denounces Eleanor, and, brave in conscious purity, bares her bosom to the knife. As Rosamund stood the test of Henry's faithlessness, remaining sweet and loyal, so she stands the test of Eleanor's venomous hate, continuing brave and noble. The tests are the most severe which could be applied to her. Nothing could be more dreadful to dependent trust than falseness; nothing more dreadful to tenderness than hate. Out of all her trials Fair Rosamund comes perfect.

Of course, Rosamund is a romantic character; ideal, flawless. Her only dispraise is the one word "wild,"—meaning youthful—from her staid guardian, John. And this heresy he later recants. The poet, throughout, seems to intend her to be as perfect as he can make her. His fondness saves her from Eleanor's dagger, in violence to tradition and probability. Tennyson has not the dreadful accuracy of Hardy to follow his heroine to her probable end; he closes his play leaving her as she is, with a tenderness like that which makes some players provide a final act for *Romeo and Juliet*, in which the lovers revive and live happy ever after. Yet no one would have Fair Rosamund other than she is; she is the triumph of a poet's heart over fact.

It has been seen how Rosamund acts under the influences of love and hate. The passion of friendship, also, comes to her, in the person of Becket.

At first the vigorous bluntness of the prelate wound her delicate sensibilities: she is pained that he should consider her relation with the king an evil one; that he should wish to know what the king wishes secret,—what she is willing to keep secret, since the king wills it. But she soon pardons him, as kindly and not intentionally harsh.

By intuition she knows that Becket will not change his attitude toward the king; and so she prays the king not to attempt to alter Becket, but to be friends with him. This she wishes for Henry's sake, possibly for Becket's, and, surely, for her own peace of mind. Her only touch of petulance in the play is due to

annoyance at Henry's continually intruding talk of Becket's doings into their hours with one another.

There is a striking contrast between Becket's rugged strength and Rosamund's tender fineness. This is, undoubtedly, one reason for Rosamund's growing fondness for the prelate; as she finds him strong and true, her savior in time of trial. When bereft of Henry's care, she gladly accepts Becket's protection, regarding him as Pompilia did Caponsacchi. After she learns that he will not excommunicate the king, she finds such peace in the priest's care that she can forget her sorrow in discussing subjects of such lightness as the shape of her boy's nose.

In Becket's time of trial, Rosamund grows solicitous for his safety. She prays earnestly for "that dear head." In his danger, self-forgetful, she faces her worst enemies, brave in the midst of armed men, with a bravery newly learned from her religious thought and life. Constant in friendship, as in love, she is with her savior at his death.

Thus much of Rosamund's character and its growth, of what she is and becomes; more is to be said of her action,—of what her life accomplishes. For Rosamund's nature is far from wholly passive. She is not broad, truly, but her very narrowness, intense and consistent, makes her nature rich and potent in effect. The influence of her character, of her words and deeds,—is strong upon the action and the persons of the play.

Rosamund is strongly emotional, acting impetuously upon her emotional stimulus; a contrast in naturalness and genuineness to Eleanor, with her cool, self-conscious, calculating wisdom. With Rosamund, to think and act are one. Her body gives perfect expression to her feeling and thought. She gestures when she speaks; when she repeats one's words, she unconsciously imitates their speaker.

Rosamund's speech is interesting in its display of her psychology. She is less clever than Eleanor, for, although her mind is sensitive and often rather quick, she is tractable rather than independent, and impressionable rather than thoughtful. In matters of thought she attends to details, rather than to principles: hers is the sort of mind which may be de-

flected from the main track of thought by the interest or the force of an accidental illustration.

When it comes to the emotional life, Rosamund often shows in her conversation the existence of a persistent under-current of feeling, which new ideas, even of dear things, fail to stem or turn. Appreciative and sympathetic, she is, in short, an emotional rather than an intellectual type. Eleanor is the more intellectual, the less "feminine."

Modesty and delicacy are especially characteristic of Rosamund. She is absorbed in her joys and sorrows, rather than in the compliments which her beauty wins her. There are some things in life of which she cannot bring herself to speak, until she is taunted long and brought to bay.

The effect of Rosamund's beauty upon the coarsely judging Marjery has been already noted. In judging Rosamund to be unworldly, Margery is by no means so far wrong.

With all her purity, Rosamund was yet not one who repelled persons of the coarser sort. Her blossoming beauty caused many to buzz about her, before the king-bee came; Fitzurse De Tracy, "even that flint De Brito," were members of the swarm. Fitzurse, incapable of conceiving Rosamund's delicacy, loved her coarsely, as his nature was. When he learns of her again, he can only imagine her as a "paramour," and as a "minion of the king." He finds it possible to pursue her, although, to be just, that is when he is in wine. Yet he would possess her as his own; and it may be considered a limitation in the naturalness of the play—due, probably, to the exigencies of the plot—that Fitzurse, in the murder scene, forgets Rosamund's presence, leaving her untroubled. Perhaps we are to understand that the garb of the church protected her. Her effect on Fitzurse adds an interesting item to the summary of her character: perfect enough as a creature to inflame the rough, elemental man; yet so perfect as a spirit that she is beyond his comprehension.

The crisis scene between Rosamund and Eleanor is as interesting for its effect on Eleanor as for its effect on Rosamund.

The queen knows Rosamund to be "she whom the king loves indeed," but it is the

position and not the personality of her rival which disturbs her. Her attitude is not one of jealousy, but of hate. She knows that Rosamund's relation to the king is more than that of paramour; she fears that it may trouble the succession of her son. Being considered less attractive than another seems not to stir her pride; probably because lovers, other than the king, supply her heart with admiration.

And so, although Eleanor calls her rival "minion," and, even, "wanton," Rosamund's personality diminishes rather than increases her hate. The queen even shows some sympathy for the other woman, who was deceived, as well as she. And her hate appears as scorn for the inferior "child," the sentimental "turtle." She speaks with a caustic humor.

Yet she has no pity for Rosamund; she is by no means shaken in her firm determination to have her will. Characteristically cold, confident in her power, she carries on her bitter play on words. She is so cool that veiled charges fail to move her; she even realizes the theatrical character of her part. She is angered at seeing her jeweled cross on Rosamund's bosom, but seems only to grow the cooler, to torment her victim with the presence of Fitzurse. When Rosamund speaks plainly of her wickedness, Eleanor forgets her lofty air and rushes with her dagger upon the helpless girl, only to be intercepted by Becket, who theatrically arrives at the opportune moment.

Then Eleanor shows hate indeed: toward Becket for thwarting her; and toward Rosamund for humiliating her before the hated Becket, and for saying words which now ring in her ears. She raves, now, at the "minion." In short, Eleanor is forced to recognize in her rival the woman of high rank and noble pride. She thinks to send her away as a deceived young girl; she would spare her as a common paramour; she endeavors to put scorn upon her as an inferior; she, at last, must do her the honor to hate her as an equal, whose words can stir her anger and her pride. Now, her coolness gone, she turns, with fierce invective against Rosamund, to the king. She acknowledges herself thwarted, and lowers her pride to the degree of seeking aid to crush her rival.

Turning again from hate to love, we learn of Rosamund through her boy. He appears a real child; bright, healthy, fond of play,—although the poet has drawn him none too well, with evident struggle for simplicity, and almost petty humor. Even Shakespeare finds it difficult to draw a natural child. Yet, Geoffrey shows that he has been reared in an atmosphere of love and kindness. He has been taught the child-lore of the race, and his mother often tells him how love is better than gold, in the great world which he has never seen. Some of the sweetest pictures of the play portray the beautiful and sweet young mother, cherishing her handsome boy.

With all her love she is not too indulgent. The boy is accustomed to obey from very trust. He is surprised at the deception his mother is obliged to use, when she sends him away from the presence of the angry queen. Living without playmates, and in the constant companionship of his mother, the boy is polite, discriminating, and discreet, beyond his years. He, finally, shows his mother's influence by his love, his admiration, and by a delicate sympathy which notes and shares her very moods. Rosamund fulfils the most delicate requirements of life.

The strongest traits of Rosamund's character appear in their effect on Henry.

In the first place, their love is a romantic one. Henry comes to her when he would forget the world; he thinks of her apart from it, and he would keep her so. She is his "bird," his "golden dream of love's own bower;" he seeks not mind or soul in her, but heart. Henry seems to judge her nature truly: affairs would probably perplex her; he is annoyed when she would speak of them. Like Valdes' Maximina, she is the elemental creature, bringing freshness to the man of the world, wearied with great affairs. Rosamund is as fresh as 'The Princess of Thule.' She banishes cares of state and summons up remembrance of the idyllic days of early love. She, as a fresh, sweet Margaret, brings joy to her world-wearied Faust.

And as Margaret ennobles Faust so Rosamund does Henry. To him she is no Lias; she stirs the best within him. With her, he regrets his baseness; we are made to suppose

him faithful to her. There are moments when he would, indeed, be true, and tell her all, but she will not hear him speak against himself. Her devotion, overwhelming, shuts her in from larger life. This is the "defect of her quality."

Henry faintly realizes her sacrifice for him; he honors her with his trust, and with praise of her bravery. He finds no fault in his "brave-hearted Rose," his "true heart-wife," whom he would "love indeed as a woman should be loved." He does all in his power to love her with devotion. Knowing her soft, tender, loving nature to be dependent, almost helpless, he cares for her with great anxiety. Always solicitous for her comfort and safety, his first and greatest thoughtfulness is for her. Only most urgent affairs of state can keep her from his mind.

True, he deceives her long and consistently; though her influence shakes his faithlessness, it cannot quite make him true. He never intends to recognize her son, although, at times, it seems that he does think of proclaiming her his wife. Her wish for recognition appears only just to him; he seems to plan to put away Eleanor for her, "in better times." But this is probably desire, not intention; the more convenient season never comes, and Henry acts towards Rosamund as the Earl of Leicester did towards Amy Robsart,—throughout the play such parallels are suggested: the piece has no new themes.

Henry's personal love for Rosamund is undoubted. There is no woman that he loves so well. He evidently prefers her to Eleanor; he gives to her the presents which the queen has given him. He fears for the gentle girl before the strong, cold queen. When his heart masters his head, he would imprison the "devil" Eleanor, for hunting down his Rosamund. When he forgets his policy, he loves Rosamund wholly. He raves at Becket for secluding her, more than for banning him. For her he curses Becket and the church. The primate's interference with the state he could easily brook, not so his interference with his love. The breach with the king thus caused, precipitates Becket's ruin, ending the play with real dramatic power. Rosamund is the power behind King Henry's throne.

Turning from heated love to quiet friendship, one finds a pleasant tribute to Rosamund's charm and worth in the change she works in crusty old John of Salisbury, who hates her and her kind. At the beginning, he grumbles much at this "wild Rosamund;" at the end, although he will not pardon her sex, he admits that she is unique among women,—rare, kind, and gentle—and he calls her "daughter."

The development in Becket's attitude to Rosamund is one of the masterly delineations of the drama, and throws great light upon her character.

In the Prologue, Becket is interested in her for the sake of the king alone; and not pleasantly so. He classes her with Henry's other paramours, and wishes her put away,—not to hurt Rosamund nor to please Eleanor, but that the churchly bond between the king and queen may be no longer broken.

That Becket had been the friend of Rosamund's dead father did not dispose him toward her. Rather the contrary; there is no reason to think that Becket knew the girl, herself, before the opening of the play; and misjudging her relation to Henry only stimulated anger against her, and sorrow for the father whose scutcheon she had blotted.

And so, at his first meeting with her, he is severe, annoyed at being obliged to trouble with her. But her bright beauty, so easily shadowed into mournfulness, and her tender weakness, stir in him a pity he did not feel for her when absent. Pity for her unfortunate relation to the king, for her inability to measure up to, or even to understand the requirements of her position, stirs sympathy and kindly interest in the strong, tender man. He, unconsciously, takes trouble to do more for her than he would for another; he dismisses her with a kindly "Heaven bless thee," and gives orders for her safety. Then he quickly turns to his business again.

He thinks little more of her until he learns, or rather divines, something of her position. Then the idea of her recurs to him amid his great affairs; she is no more a "paramour," but a "wronged innocent," one whom the world has banned as it has him; and he, yet strong, becomes her champion. He sees the wreck of her life, and shelters her. He calls

her "daughter" now; and when she thwarts his wishes, he is not angry but grieved.

For she still loves the king, which Becket knows hurts her peace. In her earlier days, she thought Becket not to be moved, praying Henry to yield. Now that she knows more of the rugged churchman's heart, she prays him to spare Henry, and persists until he yields and promises not to excommunicate the king.

She has crept into his heart; now in his time of trial. Her picture crowds affairs out of his mind, and that at critical times; it makes him think of the soft, sweet influence of woman and of home. Full of such thoughts when his own crisis comes, he begs her to pray for him.

And it is Becket's care for Rosamund, which coarse Henry interprets basely, which acts as an immediate cause in costing Becket his life. And it may be doubted if Henry's love for Rosamund, which failed, did not bring her less of true happiness than Becket's friendship for her, which lasted until the end. The curtain falls on Rosamund kneeling at dead Becket's side.

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HEINRICH'S MESSAGE IN HAUPTMANN'S "DIE VERSUNKENE GLOCKE."

IN the third act of the play Heinrich gives expression to his highest ideals and aspirations, beginning with the words "Urmutter Sonne." Martin Schütze (*Americana Germanica*, vol. iii, p. 86) says in regard to this passage:

"The gist of the whole message, and part of its imagery, too, is contained in the story of 'The Bell,' in Hans Chr. Andersen's *Wonder Stories*."

We know that Hauptmann was perfectly familiar with Andersen's stories, even as a boy, and it is very possible that he got some suggestions from Andersen's story of "The Bell." But Mr. Schütze's statement is too sweeping. The sea which forms such an important part in the passage quoted from Andersen is not mentioned at all by Heinrich. In Andersen all nature is a great holy church; in Hauptmann we have a real temple, aside from the temple of Nature, into which the pilgrims enter. In Andersen the sun disap-

pears and the stars rise; no such change takes place in Hauptmann's description. The latter seems to me to have much more similarity with Uhland's poem *Die verlorene Kirche*, from which, doubtless, Andersen himself got some suggestions for the story of "The Bell." Some details in Hauptmann's description were probably suggested by the last chapter of Tegnér's *Frithiof's Saga*. We know that Hauptmann as a young man had written a drama *Ingeborg*, based upon Tegnér's great epic.¹ The poem, therefore, must have been very familiar to him. I shall quote the passage in question from Mohnike's German translation (Leipzig, 1842). Frithiof has entered the newly erected temple of Balder to be reconciled with the god whom he has so grievously offended. Twelve maidens appear and perform a dance before the altar of the god.

"Und unterm Tanzen sangen sie ein heilig Lied
Von Balder, von dem Frommen." . . .

"Nicht als käm
Hervor er aus der Menschenbrust war der Gesang,
Nein, wie ein Ton aus Breidablick, des Gottes Saal,
So wie der Maid Gedanke an den fernen Freund."

.....
"Bezaubert da stand Frithiof, auf das Schwert gestützt,
Und sah den Tanz; es drängte sich vorbei dem Sinn
Der Kindheitsträume lustig und unschuldig Volk
Mit himmelblauen Augen und das Haupt umwallt
Reich von der goldnen Locken Fluth; die winkten nun
Den Freundesgruss dem frühern Jugendfreunde zu."

.....
"Es wuchs das Lied, die Seele hob sich immer mehr
Empor vom niedern Erdenthal gen Walaskjalf,
Und Menschenrache, Menschenhass schmolz sanft dahin,
Wie Eisespanzer schmelzen von des Felsen Brust,
Wann Frühlingssonne scheint, und es drang ein Meer
Von Fried und von Entzücken in sein Heldenherz.
Als wenn an seinem Herzen er den Puls des Alls
Vernähm', als wenn er tief bewegt im Bruderarm
Heimskringla wollt' umfassen, so war ihm; als ob
Mit allem Fried' er schlosse vor des Gottes Blick."

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MACBETH THE THANE AND MACBETH THE REGICIDE.

CHARACTER is not the most essential element in the drama. The primary requisite of the drama is action, for action is that which differentiates it, and makes it a distinct art form. Without action there cannot be a drama, whereas

¹ Schlenther, *G. Hauptmann*, p. 21.